

On the Down Low by JimberlyShipper

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Summary: This is a Harringrove oneshot. It's AU but set in season 3. That being said, there's not really a lot of spoilers. Since I've only seen half of it. Steve and Billy get together, and they love each other.

On the Down Low

Disclaimer: The characters of Stranger Things do not belong to me. This is a Steve/Billy oneshot. I ship them, other than Jo and Dacre's real life interactions I'm not sure how that happened. It's just planned as a oneshot. Very smutty, fyi. It's AU but has elements of canon. Like, Billy is a lifeguard. It won't have many spoilers since it's not canon.

On the Down Low

By Julia

The sun was hot that day. It was late June, and Billy Hargrove was up on his lifeguard tower, watching the kids go swimming. He'd mostly taken this job because it was a job he'd have if he was still living in California, and sometimes Steve Harrington stopped by the pool. There were, of course, those creepy old housewives who did to see him, but Billy wasn't into girls at all. Since he'd gotten there about six months ago (Hawkins, Indiana) every time he'd seen Steve Harrington he got all hot and bothered. Billy had been fighting his attraction to other boys for months. Billy's one curl fell over his forehead and he tried to pretend he wasn't looking for Steve. He then caught the eye of that weirdo, Jonathan something who thought Nancy Wheeler was choice or whatever. "What are you looking at, freak?" Billy snapped. He knew that he had to stop taking out his anger with his bastard father on others, it wasn't really fair.

Looking up, Jonathan wasn't sure what to say. "Nothing, Billy." He was taking pictures of all of the kids swimming. He was working for the newspaper this summer. Nancy was too, but she still hadn't succumbed to his charms yet. He knew that the other boy had a crush on Steve. He'd seen Billy trying to get glimpses of him from his seat. Jonathan was clutching his camera tightly. Then, Billy dropped down next to him. Once Billy was closer, Jonathan was brave and brought it up. "I will tell everyone how you feel about Steve." Jonathan warned him. "If you harm me in any way." He was quick to clarify.

Billy folded his arms, lifting his sunglasses first, to see Jonathan's eyes. "You're not going to tell anyone anything. Not unless you want

me to tell your little friend Nancy that you've got a hard on for her." Billy wasn't friends with Jonathan, but he knew that the other boy didn't want anyone else to tell her how he felt. Billy could get that, because if he was going to do anything about his feelings for Steve, he wanted to be the one to tell him. Billy kept his gaze on Jonathan, trying to convey how serious he was about this. Billy had no intentions of letting this kid scare him. Billy could snap him like a twig if he wanted to. Some of the pool goers had stopped to watch.

That's when Billy's sister, (okay, stepsister) Max was walking by with her little boyfriend, Lucas. Billy hated that kid. He glared at them both as they walked by. Then, his blue eyes fell on Steve. Billy couldn't help himself, he went over to Steve. "Hey, Harrington." Billy said. They'd not really had any pleasant interactions, and Billy knew that if he was going to get Steve for sex or as a boyfriend, he had to stop being so much of an asshole. Billy ran his hand through his dirty blonde hair. "What're you doing here? I heard you got a job at the mall." He said, trying to sound nonchalant. He didn't want Steve to know he kept tabs on him through Max. Billy just couldn't stop himself.

Steve looked at the other boy, not sure why Billy was being... well, nice. Maybe someone else might not call it that, but with Billy, that's what it was. He was quiet for a long moment before he spoke. "I did. But I'm off today. And since I work with ice cream every day, to cool off I came here." Steve knew that there was something up with Billy. He'd been acting differently with Steve than he'd done when he'd first arrived. Steve watched Billy as he spoke, the other seemed to actually be listening to him. That was a new thing. "Why are you so interested, Hargrove?" Steve asked, not really expecting the other to answer honestly. Steve glared briefly at Jonathan as he walked by with his fucking camera.

That wasn't something that Billy was prepared to answer. "Come with me." Billy said, he didn't want an audience for this. And it's not like he could be openly gay. Once he had Steve out of the view of everyone else, Billy stepped closer. Steve didn't move away. Billy was very aware that they were both wearing only swim trunks. Billy got closer still and pressed his lips to Steve's, his hands settling on Steve's hips. As Steve started to kiss him back, Billy let his arms slide around

Steve's waist, tugging him closer. The kiss deepened, and Billy let out a soft moan against Steve's lips. He pressed Steve up against the wall of the shower they were in. His hands moved around to stroke Steve's abs, and Steve's arms went around Billy's neck. His fingers played with Billy's long curls. He shivered and moaned against Steve's lips. That's when Billy stopped. He barely heard Steve asking him why they'd stopped. "I'm sorry... I just... I can't do this." Billy was kind of scared about someone finding them. Plus, wasn't there a disease that was starting to hit the gays? Billy had moved from Cali, maybe it hadn't reached here yet, but that didn't mean they were safe. This he didn't bring up though. He didn't want to scare Steve. He cared about Steve that much. God damn, he was such a pussy.

Steve looked at him, an eyebrow arched. "You *know* that you want to do this. You know it." Steve wasn't sure when exactly he'd started to see Billy in a sexual way. And Billy was a total asshole for the most part. But Steve hadn't been able to stop the thinking about him. And he actually was glad about it, because it got his mind off Nancy and Jonathan going around town. And the fact that his job sucked and that he had no college plans whatsoever. Steve knew that he wasn't smart enough for college, or he'd've gotten in somewhere. Steve tilted Billy's chin up so that he had no choice other than to look at him. Then he kissed him again, long and slow. His arms slid around Billy's waist, tugging him closer. Billy kissed back with a long moan, a whimper following. Steve's hands reached to cup Billy's tight ass, and he could feel Billy's cock growing rock hard in his swimming trunks. They continued to kiss, Steve tugging Billy even closer, both of them stumbling. He sucked on Billy's tongue, the other boy moaning again. When he came up for air, his hand moved around to palm Billy's dick. "Feel that? You're hard for me because you want this." Steve said, his hand moving slowly up the shaft. Billy's eyes shut briefly and then popped back open. Steve kept his hand there, stroking through his trunks. Wishing Billy was wearing a Speedo. That would be so incredibly sexy.

When Steve placed his hand on his cock, Billy tried to focus. They couldn't do that. Not without protection. It was too dangerous. Billy pulled back, but Steve had a good grip on him, and he couldn't get away. "I know what my cock being hard means, Harrington." Billy said, for lack of a better reply. "It's too dangerous for us to do this

without a rubber. Let go." Billy tried to keep the desire out of his tone. Not that it mattered, Steve was *holding* his hard as fuck cock. "Please, baby, we have to do this right." It was a pet name he used for girls, but he thought it would fit for Steve.

As much as he'd like to insist that they could, Steve knew Billy was right. He sighed, and stepped back. "You could jerk off and I can... you know, watch." Steve said, Billy couldn't go out there with a hard member. That would spell disaster. Billy's eyes widened, but he reached to tug his trunks down and off. He leaned against the shower stall, and slid his hand along his own cock. Steve licked his lips and slipped his hand into his own trunks. He knew he was clean, and part of him thought this was unnecessary, too careful. Steve's cock got harder as he watched Billy's hand cup his balls and then moved up the shaft again. Steve groaned.

It wasn't going to take Billy long. A small gasp of desire left him as he watched Steve's hand moving around in his swimming trunks. His thumb ran over the tip of his dick, and he was coming. Steve was licking his lips, and Billy knew that he wanted to lick Billy clean. After turning the water on to wash away the cum, he moved to Steve, and kissed him. His hand cupping the nape of Steve's neck, his fingers tugging on Steve's hair. Billy wasn't surprised when Steve came then, and Billy wished he could lick him clean. Steve moved to let the water run over him to wash away his cum. Billy wasn't sure if he should ask if they were going to be together now.

"So, what are we? I know we can't really be out in Hawkins, but we could be together. I don't know why I like you, but I do. And we shouldn't let anything stop us from being together." Steve didn't care how cheesy that sounded. Billy's blue eyes met his, and Steve could tell that he was contemplating what Steve had said. Steve moved just a bit closer and took his hand. Billy's gaze went to their joined hands, Steve's thumb was stroking the back of Billy's hand. "You've already been brave enough to start this. *You* kissed *me*. Yeah, I kissed back, but you were brave enough to take the chance." Billy hadn't pulled his hand away, and Steve knew he'd heard every word. "I don't expect you to come out, though."

Lifting his eyes back to Steve's, Billy could feel his heart pounding a mile a minute. Billy wasn't sure what to say. In California, it wasn't

necessarily as big a deal if you came out. There were clubs you could go to, things like that. Billy knew without a doubt that he was gay. The girls he'd fucked meant nothing. Billy had been doing them to forget his life. It was far from perfect. Billy could only look at Steve's hopeful face for several long seconds. "I don't... my dad will kill me if he finds out, baby." Billy couldn't come out until he was an adult. His dad would kick him out, regardless of any law about raising minor children.

That was a very valid argument, Steve had to admit. "I know. Mine might too. But that doesn't have to get in the way of us being together." He told him softly. "No one has to know anything if we don't want them to." Before Steve could continue, he heard Dustin Henderson a friend of his and Max's. He was calling out for Steve, and came upon them in the stall. Steve didn't panic though, he knew Dustin wasn't going to say anything. Dustin's group of friends were close knit and they didn't spill any secrets that they were privy to. Steve heard Billy's low growl, and tugged him back. "Dustin won't say anything. We can trust him." Steve knew Billy would balk.

"Um, no, I won't." Dustin said, his eyes took their joined hands. Dustin also thought they'd been making out, their lips were red and plumpy. Dustin had wanted to see if Steve wanted to go catch a movie with the rest of the 'party'. They played Dungeons and Dragons. Dustin met Billy's eye then, and the other boy was giving him an evil look. Dustin, scared of him, gave him a similar look. "It's not any of my business, as long as you don't hurt Steve." Dustin told him, shrugging. Dustin also knew that Steve had been harboring a crush on *someone*. He'd just not said who. Now Dustin knew why. His eyes went back to Steve. "You want to go with us to the movies?"

Steve thought about this briefly and turned back to Billy. He knew better than to ask if he wanted to go. But Steve was also trying to work out with his expression if Billy wanted to hang out. Steve held Billy's gaze for a few long seconds, and then Billy slightly nodded his head. Steve turned back to look at Dustin. "Thanks, but I'm going to hang with Billy today. Maybe next time." Steve hadn't expected this when he'd gotten up out of bed today. But since he'd been having wet dreams about Billy for weeks, he wasn't going to complain. Steve held Dustin's gaze with a small smile on his face. Then Dustin said, "Okay"

and said bye, heading off. Steve looked back at Billy. "We're going to hang out today?"

How this had happened, Billy was unsure. He hadn't actually expected Steve to kiss him back. But he had, and now this was going on. Billy seemed in shock as he answered. "Yeah, I guess we are. I'm off now, actually." Billy said, his eyes falling to a clock on the wall. Billy turned his gaze back to Steve. "What do you want to do? There's a party tonight, we could go." Billy wasn't sure why he'd suggested that, it's not like they could act like boyfriends there. But there wasn't much else to do in Hawkins. Billy was sure that Steve wasn't going to want to go. "Although I can't see you going to parties anymore."

This last bit hurt some, but Steve knew Billy only meant that it was something Steve had used to do with Nancy. Steve didn't like her, but he did his best to avoid her at all costs. That included going to parties. "Yeah, I'm not too into them anymore. If you want to go though, I'll go with you. There isn't much else to do here." He knew suggesting the mall wouldn't be a good idea. Billy didn't seem like the mall kind of guy. "We could go bowling, the alley's great and they have the best pizza." Steve said, surprised that Billy didn't veto it immediately. "It's not too expensive, either." Steve said, hoping that would convince him.

This didn't sound like a too horrible plan. "Yeah, okay. We can do that." Billy agreed. His face flushed as his next reply occurred to him. "Um, I'm gonna shower before we go. Are you going to?" Now that he'd asked, all he could think of was getting soaped up with Steve in the shower. Steve gave him a sly grin, it had occurred to him, too. Billy said, "Separately, Harrington." But there was no malice in his tone. "We'll get there when we've got a rubber." Billy insisted, and Steve chuckled, telling Billy he'd take a quick rinse off. He put his things with Billy's to keep it safe, and they both moved to shower. As the water ran down Billy's sculpted body, he wondered again how they were going to do this. Be a couple in Hawkins, Indiana. The Aids epidemic wasn't that widely known yet, but Billy *had* heard of it and that people thought it was only infecting gays. Billy reached for his shampoo and lathered up his hair. A ball of desire stirred in his stomach at the thought of Steve's fingers in his hair. Then his thoughts fell to Steve was also naked in the room. He was half hard.

Billy forced himself to think of something else. He didn't want to come again. Billy showered as quickly as he could, and moved to get his clothes on. He was glad he'd worn his tightest, well worn jeans. They hugged his ass just right, and his cock. He grabbed his duffel and moved to find Steve, who was waiting for him by the front desk.

"Ready, babe?" Steve asked, his voice low, that Heather girl was working the front desk. He knew how much of a gossip Heather was. The total and complete opposite of Steve's coworker Robyn. "We've both got cars, it's such a waste of gas but it's preferable to leaving one of them here." He said, his fingers flexing and unflexing as he was trying not to hold Billy's hand. He knew it wouldn't be a good idea. Steve honestly knew that he had to start thinking more seriously about the Aids thing. Billy wasn't wrong to be worried. Steve also thought it wasn't fair to assume it was only gay men who were getting it.

Twenty minutes later, they'd both pulled into parking spaces, at the bowling alley. Strangely, it wasn't crowded at all for a 4pm during the hot summer. So, Billy let Steve kiss him as they made their way in. It was agreed that Billy would pay for the games and Steve would do the food, and they got to the lanes. Billy still couldn't believe this is how his day had ended up going. He picked out a no frills black bowling ball, laughing when Steve picked out a pink one. "This pizza better be amazing, baby." Billy told him, as Steve used his pink ball to get the first strike. Billy would never admit it, but he'd used to bowl a lot. And was naturally really good.

A couple of hours later, they'd eaten their weight in pizza and each won two games. Steve had pulled Billy close to him in a quiet corner as they were on their way out. Steve kissed him, hands on Billy's hips. "My parents are off on trips. You should come over." Steve murmured against his lips. His left hand moved to stroke Billy's abs through his tank top. As Billy let out a soft moan Steve lifted the bottom of the top and let his fingers stroke the bare skin. Groaning, Billy yanked Steve closer. Steve's fingers played with Billy's happy trail, and he could feel Billy's length against his. "Okay. If we're going to be smart about this, we've gotta stop till we get to my place."

Despite the fact that Billy hadn't said he'd go and Steve was being presumptuous, Billy wanted to go. He shivered as Steve's fingers

trailed across his abs. Letting out a whimper, Billy said, "Okay. Sure. We'll go to your place." He could barely remember his name right now. Billy followed Steve to his place. It was much nicer than his own. As soon as they got inside, they were on each other, kissing feverishly. Steve pulled Billy with him to his room, not letting go as they went. Steve yanked open the door and Billy let himself be tugged to Steve's bed. They both got out of their clothes as quickly as they could, and Billy pulled Steve pm top of him, and they kissed.

Steve kissed him deeply, until both of their lengths were hard as rocks. Then he pulled out two condoms, and they both rolled one on. It was decided Steve would be inside Billy, and he parted Billy's ass cheeks and slipped his cock inside him, being as gentle as he could. Billy groaned and moved to palm his own cock as Steve began to move his hips. Billy moved with him, his breath coming in gasps. It hurt some, but not too much. And it felt amazing. His hands, which were bracing himself on the bed, fisted in the comforter. Steve's hands were braced on Billy's hips, until his left one moved to Billy's cock.

"Oh, fuck!" Billy gasped out, as Steve slipped even further inside him. "Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck." His voice was raw with desire, and he came quickly, squeezing around Steve's cock. Steve moved his hips faster, his hands going back to Billy's hips. His nails dug in a bit as he hit Billy's prostate. They both groaned, and then Steve was coming. His head fell on Billy's back, and he kissed him along the small of his back as he rode out the aftermath of his orgasm. He then slid out of Billy and yanked off the condom, throwing it away in his bathroom. Billy did the same, and Steve pulled his boxers back on. "You want some ice cream?"

Billy smirked at him, as he pulled on his own boxers. "Sure. You think you'd be sick of ice cream." Billy said, as he followed Steve back downstairs to the kitchen. He leaned on the counter by the fridge as Steve got out bowls and spoons. Billy knew that Steve wanted this to be a relationship. "So, you want us to be a couple?" He asked, as Steve dished out neapolitan ice cream. Billy couldn't believe it, but he wanted that, too. He just wasn't sure if he wanted to admit it. He did his best to have an innocent expression as Steve turned to look at him, accepting the bowl of ice cream. Billy took a bite, as Steve

watched him, as if he was thinking hard about his answer.

"Yeah, I said I did." Steve reminded him, as he dug into his own ice cream. "And you can drop the fake innocent act. I know you want that, too. You're just scared." Steve wasn't even surprised when Billy's face covered in a deep red blush. He reached out to stroke Billy's red cheek. "You don't have to be scared with me. I won't let anything happen to you." Steve really hoped that what he was going to bring up wasn't going to start a fight. "I can help you with your dad, you know. Hopper will believe you if you tell him the truth." The tension in the room was palpable, but Billy didn't automatically shut him down, so he kept going. "Hop will make sure he's punished for hurting you." Steve's fingers lightly brushed a bruise on Billy's shoulder.

To this, Billy wasn't sure what to say. He knew how Steve knew, Max had probably told him or her little boyfriend. He ate his ice cream, as he mulled over what Steve had said. "I'd ask how you know, but I know how you know." Billy looked at Steve, who gave him a small nod. "I have tried to get the cops after him before, Steve. Somehow, he always gets out of trouble." Billy wasn't sure how that kept on happening. And he got it worse every time his dad wiggled out of trouble. Billy couldn't go through that again, the hope returning and then nothing being stopped. "He used to be a good dad. And then my mom died." Billy was surprised when his voice got tight. A lump formed in his throat. "Then he started beating me." Billy pointed to a long scar on his left side. "That's from the knife he tried to kill me with." Steve's fingers stroked it softly. "I'm lucky no one at the pool really notices it. When they do, I say it's from when I had my appendix out." Billy never had anyone inquire further than that. "Max, he never touches her. I don't know why he chooses me." Billy missed his mother too, so he could understand the grief. But he couldn't understand why his dad was abusing him. "I can't go through the hope that it'll stop again. Because it won't, and he'll kill me if I tell him I'm gay."

Steve stepped closer. He lifted Billy's chin to look him in the eye. "You don't get it. Hopper is the sheriff, and he'll believe you. He'll help you and your mom and sister." Although Steve really didn't like Billy's stepmother for letting it happen. He knew that wasn't really

very fair, but who could see something like that and not do anything? He didn't want to say that out loud though, not sure how Billy felt about it. He also didn't want to fight. He thought maybe Billy liked having a mom again, even if it was not *his* mom. Steve didn't know how Billy felt, his parents were still happily together. He couldn't commiserate with him. "I'll go with you to tell him."

It wasn't as simple as Steve wanted to believe it was. Billy looked at him. He ate more of his ice cream. "Babe, I know you need to fix things. And that's great. But you can't fix this. No one is going to be able to stop my father." He'd been dealing with this for years now. And Billy knew that no one else was going to believe it. His father was too good at the being charming and fake model father. Billy leaned out to kiss Steve softly on the lips. "I love that you care. But please, just drop it." Billy held Steve's gaze until the other boy nodded. Billy really hoped that Steve would listen and do as asked. And Billy knew that Max wouldn't help him if it came out. She was too scared. Billy finished his ice cream.

It was hard for Steve to agree to drop it. Especially when he *knew* Hopper would believe Billy and make sure he was safe. Steve finished his own ice cream and they went to the living room to watch tv. Steve tugged Billy with him to the couch, and wrapped his arms around his boyfriend's waist. Billy leaned into him and they settled on *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, which was being shown on cable. Steve's fingers were tracing circles on Billy's stomach. Steve knew that he could tell his parents he liked guys and they would accept it. It wasn't fair that Billy couldn't do the same. Billy's head lay on Steve's shoulder. "You're sure you still want me? This?" Steve asked, he knew he was crazy for asking. Billy was definitely a flight risk. Not that Steve could blame him. Even being secretive, it was going to be very hard to do this. Billy turned his head so he could look at Steve. "I know, I know. But I have to ask, babe. This is going to be hard. And I don't want to lose you." He was still tracing circles on Billy's abs. The other's eyes were fluttering at the feel of it. Steve didn't want to get even more attached if he was going to lose Billy in the end. They'd already taken this leap. He didn't want to go further and end up falling head first off the cliff.

Blue eyes studied Steve. Billy looked at him with an eyebrow raised.

"Yes. I'm sure. I know it's going to be hard. That doesn't mean that I don't want to be with you. I was brave enough to start this. I care about you." Billy actually *loved* him, but he didn't want to say that out loud. It was too soon. Although Billy believed that Steve loved him, too. Or he wouldn't be so gung ho about trying to save him from his dad. Billy touched Steve's chest, needing to feel his heart beating. He was quiet a bit longer. "You are important to me, Steve. I wish we could do this in the open. But I will take you any way that I can have you." Billy punctuated this by kissing him.

Satisfied, they focused on the movie. Billy ended up falling asleep before the end. Steve wasn't surprised, he'd gotten a lot of sun during the day. He nudged him. "Come on, we'll go up to my room, we'll go to bed." Billy mumbled something groggily but got up to go with him. After Billy had fallen asleep (as soon as his head hit the pillow) the phone rang. It was probably his parents checking in. It was, and he spoke to them, they told him they'd be gone a few more days. Spontaneous vacation. Steve tried not to sound too excited, they'd be suspicious. He didn't want that. He hung up and went back to his boyfriend, who was still deeply asleep. Steve got in bed with him, hoping Billy could stay those few days.

It turned out Billy could stay, his father had been driving drunk and was killed in an accident. Billy's stepmother felt too guilty to not let him, and so Billy was glad he got to stay. It felt really domestic, especially with them having to go to work and then come home. Right now, Steve was out getting Chinese, and Billy was hanging in the living room. For the first time in his life, he felt safe, and content. Billy brushed his hand through his blonde hair as he looked around. He could get used to this. And he knew that he would, because Steve loved him. And Billy loved Steve. Billy hadn't ever been this happy. And he loved it.

Author's note: So yeah. I'm not sure where this came from, but here we are. This is going to be it, I think. But I hope ya'll liked. There might be more Harringrove from me.